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04x04 - Escalating Violence

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04x04 - Escalating Violence

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **05/21/04 05:43**

[This Old Bath House has undergone a remarkable transformation, thanks to Brian's interior designer g*y genes and amazing superpowers. A few finishing touches are still being applied, but Kinnetic is up and running in its new space. Justin is impressed - and amused.]

Justin: The last time I was here, it was No Towels Night.

Brian: And a hundred guys wanted to touch my stiffie.

Justin: Mr. Popular! And I'm the only one you f*cked.

Brian: Lucky you.

[They pass a worker who appears to be hanging wallpaper or doing something to the walls, anyway.]

Brian: It's a nice work, Tommy.

Tommy: Thanks, Mr.Kinney

Justin: Leave it to you to turn a bath house into the worldwide headquarters of Kinnetic, Inc.

[They enter the inner sanctum of Brian's office, which strikes a familiar chord]

Justin: (laughs) The old steam room. It's the first place we ever f*cked in public.

Brian: Nothing like performing in front of a live audience.

Justin: Who said some of those guys were alive?

[Cynthia comes in with an ad mock-up for approval.]

Cynthia: The add design want to know they see the mark-ups. Hi, Justin.

Brian: Yeah, can you tell Manner he can use the 300 dph and sh**t at me back to my approveal fast. Deadline is six.

Cynthia: Also Brown Athletics called and ask to meet. Said they hate what Vanguard did with them account.

Brian: Yeah, wonder why. Tell them I have a meeting and I call them tomorrow?

Cynthia: Oh, and your accountant left a message. The check for the Endovir ad will definitely be wired to Heat Magazine by the end of the business day tomorrow.

Brian: It better be. Our lives are depending on it. Well? Move!

Cynthia: God! (To Justin as she leaves) I love my job.

Justin: I love it when you get bossy.

Brian: Well, what do you say we christen my new office? I have fifteen minutes before I have to approve ad copy.

Justin: Always the romantic! But I have a strategy meeting with the Posse.

[He kisses Brian and leaves.]

[Michael, Ben and Hunter are sitting at the counter in the diner. Michael is reading aloud from the foster parent application.]

Michael: "In a brief paragraph, explain why you want to become foster parents." Sounds like an assignment for you, Professor.

Ben: How about we want to give a child the love and support he needs to help him fulfill his dreams and achieve his goals?

Hunter: I happen to be eating! Don't make me puke.

Ben: It may not win a Pulitzer Prize, but I think it says it all.

Michael: Oh, sh*t, look at this! It says Social Services may drop by for a visit at any time, unannounced.

Ben: What can they do? We've got nothing to hide.

Hunter: Except for that double-headed dildo.

Michael: Hey! Any dildo we might have is hidden away where no one can find it.

Hunter: Wanna bet?

Michael: Listen smart-a*s. From now on there will be no more lewd comments. There will be no more sexual innuendo.

Hunter: So much for conversation.

[It's Emmett, looking a little worse for the wear, with last night's trick.]

Emmett: Hello, men! And (to Hunter) little men!

Michael: You look exhausted!

Ben: You out clubbing all night?

Emmett: Well, ever since I moved in with my favorite lesbians, I'm trying to be a model houseguest.

The trouble is, I have no place to "entertain"!

Hunter: Doorways are always good. So are back alleys, under parked trucks -

[Michael gives him a look.]

Hunter: I used to f*ck for a living, remember?

Emmett: Right! Well, expert professional tips are always welcome! However, we elected to try the cemetery. Didn't we, Gordon?

Trick: Jordan.

Emmett: Jordan. It's actually kind of erotic in a creepy, macabre sort of way.

[Enter Debbie, carrying a basket of laundry which she plunks down on the counter.]

Debbie: Here is your laundry, boys! I don't name any names but I had a hell to left skidmarks on his size 28 tighty whities.]

Hunter: Christ!

[He exits in a state of acute embarrassment.]

Michael: Ma, I told you, you didn't have to do this!

Debbie: I know I didn't have to do this. I wanted to do it. Just like I wanted to make you dinner!

Michael: For the last three nights.

Debbie: And grout your tiles.

Ben: It took you two days.

Debbie: You got a problem with that, do you, Ben?

Ben: No, Debbie! No problem at all. We love having you around.

Debbie: Good. Because I love being with my boys.

[Debbie eyes land on Emmett, who's now sitting at a booth with Gordon/Jordan.]

Debbie: Say, Em, honey? You wanna take those off, cause I can wash those grass stains off in a jiff.

[She's referring to the stains on the knees of Emmett's jeans from last night's romp in the cemetery.]

[It's at a gym. This is a funky place where boxers go to train. Cody and Justin are in the ring. Cody demonstrates a few sparring moves, then watches Justin's attempt to imitate them.]

Cody: Not bad! Now if you want to really take down the m*therf*cker, grab him like this (grabs Justin around the neck, bringing him down to the floor) - choke the sh*t out of him and kick him in the ba*ls! OK, who's next?

[The other members of the Posse don't like where this is headed.]

Boy#1: I thought we were supposed to be protecting people.

Boy#2: Not train to become an elite k*lling squad.

Cody: We're ably to stop trouble before it starts.

Justin: Find them before they find us.

Boy#3: I'm not goin' out and kicking fights!

Boy#4: It's not what I'm sign up to do.

Girl#1: This is f*cked.

Cody: What's f*cked is waiting around for someone else to get bashed. We need to stick up with them. So, I show you the way.

Boy#3: Show long yourself.

Justin: Cody's right. We can't sit around and wait for something to happen. If we wanted to be affective we have to take the initiative.

[The Pink Posse is now down to just two members.]

Cody: f*ck' pussies! Let them go. Who needs them anyway. C'mon.

[Mel & Lindz are in the kitchen with a mousy-looking l*sbian couple who Melanie's representing in a custody battle.]

Jeanette: How old is Gus now?

Lindsay: How about three.

Jeanette: Wow.

Anna: Same age is Garreth before they gave them to my ex-husband. Damn.

[She starts to cry.]

Jeanette: It's alright, honey.

Anna: God, I hate when I cry, don't you?

Mel: There've been a lot of changes in the law since that decision.

Lindsay: Not to mention in the world.

Mel: It also doesn't hurt that the judge who's hearing your appeal has a g*y-friendly track record.

Lindsay: And that you have a brilliant lawyer.

Jeanette: You don't have to tell us.

Anne: I couldn't be done without you.

Lindsay: Dinner's ready. So let's eat.

[It's dinnertime at the Novotny-Bruckner household. Michael is stressing over the impending social worker visit.]

Ben: I thoughed we're eating and not re-decorate all by flowers.

Michael: I think it's obsessive. You're obviously dominate. So, what is such earth the beautify?

Ben: Michael, it says the social worker may, I repeat may show up.

Michael: Who said we're that lucky. Like Mel said, g*y parents have to be better than straight parents.

Ben: Well, I think your worry, concern and obsessive- compulsiveness are totally neurotic. You're adorable. I say let's just be ourselves. It's good enough.

[They kiss. Just then Hunter strolls into the living room, clad only in his tighty whities.]

Hunter: Careful! You want the social worker to come here and see two h*m* kissing?

Michael: Would you put on some clothes?

[Ignoring him, Hunter grabs some juice from the fridge, swigging directly from the carton.]

Michael: And use a glass - !

Hunter: Dude, you need to take a chill pill.

[Hunter plops down on the couch.]

Michael: I just fluffed those pillows!

[There's a knock at the door. Michael freezes.]

Michael: Get on the sofa and get some clothes! Now!

[He does and goes in his room.]

Ben: Everything looks great, just calm down. Hysteria isn't gonna help.

[He pulls open the door. Deb breezes in, holding a tray of food.]

Debbie: It's cannelloni night!

[Michael and Ben appear to be paralyzed by shock.]

Debbie: I paced around and you two are the lucky receivers.

Michael: Ma!

Debbie: [to Ben] You wanna warm this up?

Ben: Debbie, I already made dinner. Soilor with mushrooms and fruits.

Debbie: Uh-huh. So, you wanna warm this up?

Michael: Ma, please not tonight.

Debbie: Why don't tonight?

Hunter: [all clothes] I thoughed you were a social worker!

Debbie: Honey, I'm the social director! So come on in and sit down. [she sneeze by the flowers] Take this f*ck flowers away, honey.

[Under the orange lights, Justin gives Brian a blowjob. Brian holds his hand, dragging it up the length of his body. Afterwards, they kiss. Brian rolls on top of Justin. Then Justin rolls on top of Brian.]

Justin: Tonight it's your turn.

Brian: (laughs) That's what you think.

[They wrestle a little. It's playful - at least on Brian's side. So he's unprepared for Justin's next move.]

Justin: Tell you what. We'll fight for it.

[Justin gets out of bed.]

Justin: C'mon.

Brian: Get your a*s back into bed.

Justin: Why don't you get yours out? What's the matter? You scared?

Brian: Yeah, I'm incapacitated with fear.

Justin: Then what're you waiting for?

[Brian gets out of bed and Justin starts right in with his sparring moves.]

Brian: Where'd you learn to fight?

Justin: Cody taught me. The other night I took out a straight guy.

Brian: I've taken out a couple of those myself. Hey, watch the face, as*h*le!

Justin: C'mon, old man.

Brian: What'd you call me?

Justin: You heard me. Geezer!

[They each get in a shot to the face. Painful, but no damage. They move into the living room. They're both still naked. As far as Brian's concerned, the "fight" is over.]

Brian: Careful, sonny. You're gonna get hurt.

[He puts his arm around Justin's neck. Justin pulls him down to the floor where they start wrestling.]

Justin: I don't care if I get hurt, as long as I hurt them more.

Brian: They're not all assholes.

Justin: That's a laugh coming from you, you're the biggest f*cking heterophobe of all time. You always said there's only two kinds of straight people in the world, the ones that hate you to your face and the kind that hates you behind your back. You know what?

Brian: What?

Justin: You were right.

[Back to the Land of the Boring Lesbians. Melanie is burning the midnight oil, working on her big case. Lindsay comes in to give her a little pep talk.]

Mel: I know, I promised. I'll get back.

Lindsay: Did I say anything?

Mel: You don't have to. I'll stop.

[She closes her book. Lindsay goes in front of her and open the book.]

Lindsay: I feel so sorry for Jeanette. All I can think of was "Thank God it's not us.". And how lucky they are. To have you to speach up with. If Michael and Justin should create a superwoman character based on you.

Mel: Dino d*ke?

Lindsay: Not bad.

Mel: Unfortunately this case doesn't need any superpower just long hard hours.

Lindsay: I wish I could help.

Mel: You already have. More than you know.

[Lindz yawn just when Mel was kissing her.]

Mel: See? I should press my superpowers.

Lindsay: No, no, no, it's not you. It's late.

Mel: Why you went to bed?

[At the comic store, Emmett tells Mikey his tale of woe:]

Emmett: Well, first we went to the bath. Then somehow we go to the Matrix, what isn't exactly romantic. So finally we went home to his mother. And I went home to Mel and Lindz.

Michael: Maybe you find your own place.

[Vic enters the shop.]

Vic: You have any ideas how hard it is to find quer legs in the town? I went to three markets.

Michael: You're looking great, Uncle Vic.

Vic: Must be that anti-aging cream. In a couple of years, I'll be ready for high school.

Michael: I was referring to an inner glow.

Vic: Oh, Michael, to finally be alone with the man you love - ? What am I telling you for? You know!

Michael: Yeah, I know. To finally be alone with the man you love, the mother you love -

Vic: Oh, no!

Michael: I didn't realize what a tremendous debt I owe you for taking a b*llet for me all these years.

Vic: If only I'd known, I never would' ve left.

Michael: No, you did the right thing. This is not your problem, it's mine. She's my mother and I have to explain to her that as much as I love her, there have to be boundaries.

Vic: You're going to need more than boundaries with your mother. You're going to need a border patrol.

[Cut to Cody and Justin at a bookstore where Cody apparently works.]

Cody: When you read this? [to shows him a book]

Justin: When I was nine.

Cody: Yeah, then try it again. Especially the part when Hook freeze Jim from sl*very. He knows he's goining against every society and religion methotic. They could beat them out the hell. He doesn't care. You gonna bail too?

Justin: f*ck, no! Except maybe we went a little too far the other night.

Cody: That guy was a raging as*h*le. He deserved to get the sh*t beat out of him.

Justin: I don't know. When I told Brian, he kind of -

Cody: What the f*ck are you telling other people for? The posse business stays between us!

Justin: Come ON. Brian's my boyfriend. And he thinks what we're doing is crazy.

Cody: Crazy. You wanna see crazy?

[Cut to Cody and Justin at a church service. The preacher is ranting about the evils of h*m*. In fact, it seems to be the entire subject of the sermon.]

Minister: A man who lays with a men will burn in hell. "I should not lies with men-kind as with woman-kind. It is a abomination." I didn't think this up, folks. This is gods holy word. And if you here tonight, guilty of the sin of h*m* then you are on the brought, winding road that lead to eternal domination!

Community: Amen!

Justin: [whispers to Cody] This is go on every night?

Cody: [whispers back] Just Wednesday and Sunday.

Justin: I can't believe you come here.

Cody: No line enemy.

Justin: Sounds like the bible.

Cody: It's in front of mind.

[A woman sshh them.]

Minister: ...because Jesus loves you, my children. And Jesus can change you!

woman#1: Oh yes, he can!

Minister: It's all right here in God's holy word.

woman#1: Praise Jesus!

[As Cody and Justin leave, the minister speaks to them.]

Woman#2: Your sermon was an inspiration, pastor.

Minister: With God, Laurie. He spoke right through me tonight. So good to have you young men to service tonight.

Justin: [sarcastic] It was very inspiring.

Minister: Thank god to glorie.

Cody: Mind if I ask you a few question, pastor?

Minister: Please.

Cody: This book. We have to believe all of this? Not just something, right?

Minister: That's right.

Cody: So, do you like shrimp?

Minister: Well as a matter of fact, I do.

Cody: Because in the Bible before it comes with men lies with men it also comes it's an abomination to eat shellfish and shrimp.

Minister: What's your point, young man?

Cody: I believe the point is, if you can eat shrimp, we can eat c*ck!

Minister: Son, you need the Lord. You need to accept Jesus.

Cody: Oh, I accept Jesus. It's assholes like you I have a problem with!

[Cody goes with Justin hand in hand away.]

[Cut to Brian and Michael playing pool at Woody's. Brian is talking on his cellphone.]

Brian: I want the four court comes on my desk next thing in the morning. A conference at ten so that he can sign off. [he hangs up] When it's your own business, the sign on the door says, "We never close." Come to think of it, that's what it used to say on the old bath house door. It's your shot.

[Michael makes a bad shot.]

Michael: sh*t!

Brian: Off your game?

Michael: Waiting for the social worker to arrive is making me nuts!

Brian: You've got nothing to worry about. You and the Professor are the world's greatest foster parents.

Michael: Thanks, Brian!

Brian: Besides, who else'd want the little f*ck?

[Enter Emmett, with trick du nuit in tow.]

Emmett: Michael, Brian, this is Cant.

Trick#2: Trent.

Emmett: Trent. Uh, would you excuse us. I'll be with you in a second. Brian, I'm just kind of a spot. See, Trent, uh Kent is this really interesting person and it's very deep.

Brian: I'll bet.

Emmett: And I was wondering, and I know it's a really huge favor for making me eternial grateful if I could use your place just for an hour?

[Brian gives him a stony stare. Emmett wavers.]

Emmett: Half an hour? Ten minutes, tops?

[Brian says nothing.]

Emmett: Well, don't about us. We'll be fine.

[Brian's cellphone rings again.]

Brian: What's up? What do you mean it didn't get there? There was a transferred this morning. Well, call Wertshafter and tell him... WHAT?! sh*t. f*ck!

Michael: Good news, dear?

Brian: My goddam accountant was supposed to wire the money for the Endovir ads to Heat but it never arrived.

Michael: Call him in the morning and have him straighten it out.

Brian: They're out of the office till Monday and the deadline's tomorrow night. I'm gonna lose my one big account. I'm gonna get so f*cked!

Guy: [passing by] You and me both, honey!

Michael: Wait a minute. Wertshafter's your accountant? You know who used to work for Wertshafter?

[Ted's speaking at a 12-step meeting.]

Ted: I'm Ted, I'm a crystal meth addict - This is my sixth week of recovery. I'll guess it all start it when I was struckling with feeling worthless, depression, no-where to go one, so in the moment of sphere I decided to try with...

[Brian strides up to the podium and interrupts him.]

Brian: C'mon. I need you.

Ted: Jesus, Brian, can't you see I'm sharing?

Brian: (to the audience) It's nothing you haven't heard before. Did drugs, f*cked around, hit bottom, regrets it deeply. Let's go.

[Ignoring Ted's protests, Brian just drags him off the podium and out of the meeting.]
[Cut to Kinnetic's offices.]

Ted: How could you do that? The rule is you never interrupt someone when they're sharing!

Brian: It's not my club, not my rules.

Ted: You are un-f*cking-believable!

[He stops and looks around.]

Ted: Why do I feel like I've been here before?

Brian: Drop to your knees and imagine a c*ck in your mouth. It'll come to you.

[He nudges Ted over to the computer and forcibly sits him down in front of it.]

Brian: Here's the deal. My idiot accountant - the same d*ck that fired your a*s for jacking off at your computer -

Ted: Wertshafter?

Brian: - was supposed to transfer 20 grand from my account into Heat Magazine's account but they f*cked it up.

Ted: That's no surprise. But what do you want me to do about it?

Brian: Find it. And fix it. And get it to them by midnight.

Ted: By midnight.

Brian: Or sooner.

Ted: Simple request. Only I can't do it. I'm out of shape. I haven't crunched a number in years! And besides, I'm a singer now.

Brian: Listen to me! Are you listening? You may be a pathetic drug addict who lost everything, your dignity, your livelihood, your lover, your name, the respect and trust of everyone you know -

Ted: No one gives a pep talk like you, Brian!

Brian: But there's one thing you haven't lost. You're still an accountant! That's who you are! Not even the lowest form of degradation can take that away from you. Now. Let's live in the solution, not the problem!

[Melanie arrives at the office.]

Mel: Sorry, I'm late. I was in the doctor's office because every woman in Pittsburgh's pregnant.

Larry: Melanie, I have some news.

Mel: I'll was up all night to finish my final recogment.

Larry: First will you hear the newest news?

Mel: Sure, Larry, what's up?

Larry: The replace judge Rilly to another case.

Mel: With whom?

Larry: Judge Randal Walker.

Mel: Isn't he the one who help the firing a back allay elementry teacher?

Larry: That's our boy.

Mel: That's to bad.

Larry: You have to redocument...

Mel: It doesn't mean we don't have a chance. Except we have to rework our argument. Beside my clients have trust in me. I have no intention to let her down.

[After dinner, Michael, Ben and Hunter doze in front of the TV while Debbie watches the movie, totally enthralled.]

Debbie: I just love Some Like It Hot! I could watch it over and over and over!

Michael: We have!

Debbie: So who's up for All About Eve?

Ben: I have some writing I need to finish.

Michael: And Hunter has homework.

Hunter: I don't mind!

Debbie: There's always time for Bette Davis!

Hunter: Who's Bette Davis?

Debbie: Who's Bette Davis? This kid needs a real education.

Michael: h*m* Theatre's over for this evening. (To Hunter) Go on.

[He clicks off the TV.]

Debbie: Alright, you boys go whatever it is you need to do. I'll just sit here and play solitaire.

[Michael and Ben exchange looks.]

Michael: Ma, Uncle Vic and I were talking...

Debbie: You and Vic?

Michael: All about you. And I know you must feel lonely because he's gone but you can't keep coming over here. You gotta find something to do on your own. You know, have friends of your own.

Debbie: Well, I'm so glad that you and my brother know how I feel and what I'll should be doin'.

Ben: It's not that they brought in your horizones.

Debbie: I brought enough, thanks!

Ben: Debbie, it wasn't a critizied.

Debbie: Well, it sound it like one.

Michael: Don't take it out on Ben. It's just a suggestion.

Debbie: Well fine, I'll make one for you. MYOB. You got a helluva nerve, you know? After I do your laundry and I make your dinner -

Michael: You wanna spray for termites too?

Debbie: Don't you open your mouth to me, young man! And you're not so young. You're old enough to show me a little respect.

Michael: I do show respect!

Debbie: By telling your own mother that she's not welcome in your house?

Michael: I never said that.

Ben: He never said that!

Debbie: "You can't keep coming over here?" How'd you like if I said that to you? "Get out of my house!" There were plenty of times when I wanted to do it, when I could have used a little peace and quiet.

[Hunter comes out of his room, wearing just his undies.]

Hunter: Hey, can you keep it down? I'm trying to do my homework.

Ben: C'mon, you two!

Debbie: Keep the f*ck out of this!

[Somebody knocks on the door.]

Debbie: But I didn't do it because a mother's love knows no bounds!

Michael: Well, I wish it would!

Debbie: So what? You want to have one of those mothers who doesn't give a crap?

Michael: Well, I can dream, can't I?

[Hunter goes to answer it, in his underwear. It's the social worker.]

Ms.Simmons: I'm Constance Simmons from the social services. I want to speak to Mr.Bruckner and Mr.Novotny.

Hunter: Oh, sh*t! Come in.

Debbie: Maybe you don't f*cking remember that I raised you all by myself! I haven't no f*cking help from everyone!

Michael: How can I'm not f*cking remember? You never let me f*cking forget?!

Hunter: Guys, that's Mr.Bruckner and that's Mr.Novotny. This is the lady from social services.

[At Kinnetic, Ted keys in password after password. Nothing works.]

Ted: Let's try this... nope. OK, let's try this... Nope. sh*t, I don't know how to get in this g*dd*mn system!

Brian: You have to. You're f*cking worked there!

[Brian's cell phone rings.]

Brian: Hello. Yeah, the money's being transfer as we speek. Is good as there. [he hangs up]

Ted: No, it's not!

Brian: You want make a liar out of me?

Ted: Look, I'm not supposed to put some stress in my life. My programms specific takes...

Brian: Divine you accomplishment and got it.

Ted: Let's see, the last password that he used was his daughter birthday 091574. [Error] Then was his wifes 112146. [Error] Therefore was his mothers 062833. [Error]

Brian: You remember all what I didn't remember.

Ted: Wait, wait, wait. He has a grand-daughter. It's valentines date 2001. I remember until I didn't have a date. 021401. Oh my god, we're in.

[Obviously, Emmett's going to have to get his own place. He brings his trick back to his room at Lindz & Mel's. This is against the rules they agreed on and it's also loud enough to wake up Mel and Lindz. They have sex in his room and when they come his trick howling so loud that even Mel and Lindz are wake up.]

[At Kinnetic, Brian and Ted smoke post-money-transfer cigarettes.]

Brian: You were f*cking amazing.

Ted: Yeah, I was pretty good, wasn't I?

Brian: It was genius, sheer genius.

Ted: Nothing that a conscientious accountant with a knowledge of the system couldn't have done.

Brian: It was YOU, Theodore Schmidt. You did it. And you can keep on doing it starting Monday morning.

[Ted's stunned.]

Ted: Are you sayin'?

Brian: Will you work for me?

Ted: Jesus, Brian, I never dreamed that you, of all people, would ask me, of all people -

Brian: That makes two of us.

Ted: I can't tell you how much your offer means to me.

Brian: Then don't. Just say yes.

Ted: I...

Brian: ...will?

Ted: I...

Brian: ...accept?

Ted: I...can't. I'm not ready. I'm sorry.

[The morning after the noisy f*ck, Emmett comes down to breakfast looking a little sheepish.]

Lindsay: Hot milk?

Emmett: No, thanks. I'm not hungry.

Lindsay: A donut?

Emmett: Alright, you have me.

Lindsay: So, how you sleep?

Emmett: Like a baby. You?

Lindsay: Great, exept for this terrible howling...

Emmett: What I can explain.

Lindsay: No need. We've heard, loud and clear.

Emmett: Believe me I had no idea I brought home wolfman.

Lindsay: I thoughed we've made an agreement.

Emmett: And I broke it. It's monsun and... [she looks at him] OK, no excuse. I'll promise I never do it

again.

Lindsay: I hope you do it again just not here.

Emmett: The problem is where?

Lindsay: The solution is pretty simple? Don't you think?

Emmett: My own place. It's that I'm never lived alone before. After I left Hazelhurst I came up here and then Michael and Teddy and now you're and Mel.

Lindsay: So maybe it's time. Who knows maybe you find someone you like it. Be able to come and go.

Emmett: And come.

Lindsay: As you please.

[Mel's workplace. Jeanette and Anna are there]

Jeanette: Mel says it's gonna be alright. It's gonna be alright?

Anna: But after what you told us about the new judge?

Mel: Look there is no denying that we have an additional hearing to come. But it's not impossible. Besides you knows as well as I do no victory comes easily.

Anna: Thank you, Mel.

Mel: We're gonna get through this.

Larry: Sorry for interrupted. You have a minute?

Mel: Would you excuse me?

[Once they're alone he speaks up.]

Larry: Would you please listen what I have to say?

Mel: I heard what you had to say! And the answer is no f*cking way!

Larry: You read Readworkers records. He's in the dark ages.

Mel: Then we must enlighting him!

Larry: You know g*dd*mn well what I'm saying is best for the case and for the client.

Mel: YOU taking over.

Larry: At least I'm someone he can realte to.

Mel: A straight white male lawyer.

Larry: No, we have an unfriendly judge and a g*y mother and look who's defending her? A pregnant l*sbian.

Mel: Exactly. Who knows better what she's goin' through then I do?

Larry: It doesn't mean you're the one who say it! Right now we can't afford to take that risk.

Mel: Oh all of a sudden I'm a risk. If you think I worked day and night for month pull my guts into this case only to see it take away by one of the little boys...

Larry: I'm not tryin' to take it away from you. This will be still your case. You're work will still be there, you will still be there.

Mel: Sitting behind you. Sorry Larry, no way. And given the confidence and support my clients there is no way to allowed that either.

[Cut to Ted at Rigoletto's. Ted's finished his sing from an opera. He has an epiphany when a group of old biddies want separate checks.]

Waitress: I understand but you should requested several checks before you place the order.

Woman#1: I want to see the manager.

Ted: I apply this. Who had the lasagne?

Woman#2: I did and I had a glass of cieanti.

Woman#3: Make that two.

Woman#2: She only had one. And Ida, she's the birthday person.

Ted: Oh, happy birthday.

Ida: Oh, how sweet, dear. Thank you.

Woman#3: She had the campy and the ice tea.

Woman#2: And we all get a salat.

Ted: OK, so that $14,73 for you include taxes. And who had the peal pharma?

Woman#2: Me do.

Ted: OK, you're five with the birthday group so your grand total is $ 18,45 and the other lady brings it to $13,63

[All ladies applauds him.]

Waitress: How you do that?

Woman#2: You've got a nice voice, young man, but if you ask me, you should've been an accountant. It's in your blood.

[Back to Ben and Michael. Michael's despondent. After what happened the other night, he's convinced they don't stand a chance of being approved as foster parents.]

Michael: Well, it was nice while it lasted.

Ben: We don't know anything for certain.

Michael: Yeah, we do. The look on Ms. Simmons' face said it all: Get that kid away from those crazy people immediately!

[Hunter calls over from the couch.]

Hunter: You guys don't have to whisper. I have 20-20 hearing.

[Nobody answers.]

Hunter: Think she'll take me with her tonight?

Ben: They can't do that.

Michael: They can do anything they damn well please!

[There's a knock on the door.]

Ben: Getting more upset didn't help.

Michael: Right. I'll get upset.

[Ben gets it. It's Debbie, looking contrite and subdued.]

Debbie: Hey, Ben.

Michael: Jesus, mom...

Debbie: You wanna slam the door on my face, I'll understand.

Michael: Good.

[Michael's inclined to do that but Ben intervenes and tries to play peacemaker.]

Ben: Hey. Come in, Debbie.

Debbie: If I've done anything to f*ck up your chances for keeping that kid, I will never forgive myself.

Michael: That'll make two of us!

Ben: There is not only your fault. The things got...

[There's another knock on the door. Yep - Ms. Simmons is back.]

Ms.Simmons: Hello Mr.Bruckner. Mr.Novotny. Mrs.Novotny what a surprise.

Debbie: Hopefully not as much as last time.

Michael: Ms. Simmons, I know when you were here the other night, it didn't look like Hunter belonged here, but I want you to know how much Ben and I care about him. And we know we'd be very good foster parents if you'd just give us a chance.

Ms. Simmons: I agree. With all due respect, I have a mother, too. We're always going at each other, but that doesn't mean we don't love each other. In fact, we wouldn't fight so much if we didn't. So when I come across what I saw here, I know what it is. Because it's not something I see very often. It's called love.

[Kinnetic. Brian at his desk late at night, with his sleeves rolled up, doing paperwork. Ted the singing accountant are there.]

Ted: I see long hard hours in the old steam room.

Brian: Well, I like to.

Ted: Doing your own books, I see.

Brian: It's someone I can trust.

Ted: Look, Brian, I've reconsidered your offer and if the position - make that, opportunity - is still available, I'd like to take you up on it.

Brian: What made you change your mind?

Ted: Ida Friedman's 80th birthday. And the obvious but nonetheless belated realization that my true calling is not to mutilate some opera beside pasta. But as you said, to be what I truly am. An accountant.

Brian: You can start first thing Monday morning.

Ted: I'll be here, boss.

[He starts to leave. Brian looks up from his work.]

Brian: Oh, and Theodore, if you f*ck up, I'll have you m*rder*d.

[Ted starts to laugh, then stops when he realizes that Brian isn't kidding.]

[Justin and Cody are prowling the streets, stopping trouble before it starts. They approach a building, maybe a club or something, with some people hanging out in front. A guy and a girl start macking on each other. Justin and Cody position themselves next to the couple and start sucking face. The girl looks over.]

Girl: Uh, it's disgusting.

Justin: You mean this?

[They make out some more.]

Guy: f*cking freaks. C'mon.

[He and the girl head for their car which is parked in a nearby alley. Cody and Justin follow.]

Cody: Hey, as*h*le! You and your b*tch are freaks.

Guy: f*ck you, f*gg*t.

[Cody picks a fight with the guy, who shoves him. They scuffle and then the guy pulls out a knife.]

Guy: You wanna mess with me? Huh? Huh?

[Justin freaks. Cody pulls out a g*n. Justin really freaks.]

Cody: Yeah, we wanna mess with you. Drop the knife. Drop-the- f*cking-knife!

Guy: Please, men.

Cody: Don't say please! Say you're sorry. Say "I'm so very sorry."

Guy: I'm so very sorry.

Cody: Yeah, you bet you are. You straight piece of sh*t! Now politely excuse yourself.

[He lets the couple get in their car and drive away. They ran away.]

Cody: I said politly!

[Cody and Justin escape to yet another alley.]

Justin: Where the f*ck did you get a g*n?

Cody: Where I grew up, everyone had one.

Justin: You could have k*lled him.

[Cody pulls the trigger, which clicks harmlessly. It's not loaded. Justin looks somewhat relieved.]

Cody: It was just meant to scare them.

Justin: Yeah, well, it worked. It scared the sh*t out of me. I've never even held a g*n before.

[Cody hands him the g*n.]

Cody: Go on.

Justin: It's heavier than I thought. It's cold.

Cody: It'll heat up. [Justin smiles and think that Brian used the same sentence on his first meeting] Does it make you hard?

Justin: Maybe.

Cody: The same thing happened to me my first time.

[Cody gives Justin a hand job with one hand, while holding the g*n in the other. Black screen.]

END OF EPISODE

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